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...SAN'S  
Own Story



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CHARLES H. DRENGEL  
BOOK SELLER  
552 BRAD ST.  
NEWARK, N. J.



SUSAN CAKE

In her 80th year.



AUNT SUSAN'S  
OWN STORY OF HER LIFE.

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WITH ADDITIONAL INCIDENTS, HER  
FAVORITE HYMNS AND  
QUAINT SAYINGS.

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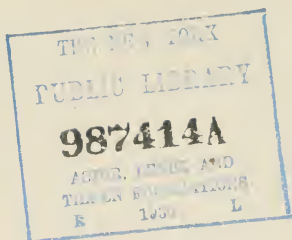
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JOHN J. HOOD,  
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# AUNT SUSAN'S OWN STORY OF HER LIFE.

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## CHAPTER I.

HER CHILDHOOD, STRUGGLES WITH A CATHOLIC  
MOTHER AND HER CONVERSION.

MY father, Daniel McDonough, was born in Ireland; his mother and he came to this country when he was eighteen years old; he resided in New York until he married my mother, when he was twenty-two. He was a ladies' shoemaker—kept shoe store there until one year after his marriage. He met my mother out at an evening company, and came home with her. About six months after that they were married.

They were both Catholics. My mother, Susanna Jacoby was her name, was brought up in New York, of German parents. One year after they were married they came to Philadelphia and settled there, down on Front street, just below Brown, and kept a shoe store for many years.

Here in Philadelphia were born to them seven children: James, William, Daniel, Simon, Mary Ann, Susan and Henry. I was born on the sixteenth day of February, 1816, in Northern Liberties, Philadelphia. My father died when I was six years old, and was buried in Philadelphia. Two years after his

death we moved to the forks of Fourth and German-town road, and lived there for seven years. Our house was a frame one, and had six rooms. My mother supported the family by sewing and going out to work. As the boys grew up they helped her, and we were always comfortable.

Two years before my father died he lost all he had through the "Benefit of the Act," or going security for one of his friends. After that we were left in a destitute condition, because he was two years sick, and nine months stone blind, and died of a nervous fever.

When my brother William was twenty-five he took a shop; and when I was nine years old I began to work for him—wound yarn. And there, among these Irishmen—cursin' and swearin'—set me to thinkin'; for they were all Catholics, you know; well, then I began to think there was a better way to live—even at that early age—and I used to cry from morning till night, and my mother used to say, "What in the world is the matter with you?" an' I would say, "I don't know, I don't know," and she'd say, "What in the world can I get for you that'll make you stop cryin'?" and I say, "I don't want anything; I don't know what's the matter with me!" "Well," she said, "if I didn't stop cryin' she'd have to whip me." Now, I began to go out in the back lane, and sit down on a stone—a place to get up in the wagon with—and I used to set there to see people go by that I thought were so beautiful. These were the Methodist people

goin' over to the old brick church; and I guess I must have went there every Sunday morning for over three months—for these people didn't go by there any other time. So then I began to fret more than ever, because these people looked so good, and it was all "brother and sister," "brother and sister," and I used to wonder who in the world their father was. I thought he must have a lot of children. And it worried me a great deal to find out who their father and mother was that had so many children—for they talked so beautiful, one to another. And one Sunday morning, when I set there, a sister from Cohocksink Methodist Church came to me and said, "Darlin', will you tie auntie's shoe?" and I said, "Yes, ma'am; I will do it." And I never felt so highly honored in my life as I did when she asked me. And I told her to put her foot up on my knee, but she said, "No; not at all, that wouldn't do." My idea was to get her just as close to me as I could, you know. She just lifted it on the corner of the stone, and I tied it. After I tied it she said, "Darlin', where do you go to Sabbath-school?" I says, "I go down Fourth street to St. Augustine's Church." She says, "Do you go often?" and I said, "No, ma'am; I can't, it's too far." She says to me—just this way—"Petty, we have a Sunday-school up at Cohocksink village; will you come?" she says. And then I bursted out a cryin'; she says, "What is the matter, dear?" and I says, "Oh, I can't tell ye, I know mother'll not let me come." She put her hand on my shoulder and

*STRUGGLES WITH A CATHOLIC MOTHER*

said so kindly, "Don't cry, the Lord'll help you." I thought them was the loveliest words I ever heard tell of. And I looked at her so innocently and said, "Will He?" and she says, "Yes, He will." And then and there I made up my mind that somebody would have trouble if I couldn't go to that Sunday-school. I couldn't have been much more than nine years old then; and it worried me for weeks.

One day my mother was in a pretty good mood and pleasant; and I risked to say to her, "I would love to go to that Sunday-school up at Cohocksink." Then is when my trouble commenced. She says, "Well, you can't do that, you can go to yer own." That was the first salutation. I had to be very cautious what I said to her. Then I began to fret and worry again, because I didn't git to go, you know. But out onto the stone I went again on Sunday morning, to see these beautiful creatures—I thought they was so nice, you know.

I am now getting desperate to go to this Sabbath-school—hadn't a bit of peace, day nor night; couldn't sleep at all, and I knowed nothing about prayin' to help myself. I made up my mind that I would go at her agin to let me go to that Sunday-school, and this must have been the middle of the week, and I begun at her. I says, "Mother, if I'll be a right good girl, and work real hard, will you let me go to that Sunday-school?" And all the satisfaction I got was, "Well, we'll see about it." Well, I settled on that with great joy, that it would come to pass. And I



says to her, "Who are they—who are these people that goes across the back lane—who is their father? They are all brothers and sisters." And she says, "Why they just call themselves brothers and sisters—they are Methodists up here." "Well, I must know who they are. I must see them—they look so sweet." Then my worry came on agin fer to go to the Sunday-school, and I began to worry more and more, and became very unhappy; could neither eat nor sleep. And if I had a knowed how to pray I supposed that would have relieved me, but I didn't, you know. Then I began to cry again—now, this was the second heat I had at it. I was setting in the dining-room and mother came in, says, "Are you cryin' again?" I says, "Yes, ma'am;" she says, "If you don't stop cryin' I shall not give you that new dress I promised you, and I shall whip you, and maybe that will put an end to it. "No, it wont; no, it won't!" "Well, then what will?" she says. I says, "I can tell you what will stop it; if you will let me go to that Sunday-school up in Cohocksink." "Well," she says, "stop your cryin' and I will let you go on next Sunday, but you ought to go to yer own." "Oh, it's so fer," I says, "I can't go there. "Very well, I'll let you go if you'll get up real early and get the breakfast ready." I was so happy I hardly knowed what to do with myself; I stopped cryin'; I had to do that.

On Sunday morning I got up at five o'clock—no one ever got up with as light a heart as I had—and I was young, too, you see. I got the breakfast ready,

then I called her and she comes down, and she then began to try to persuade me not to go until she got me a new dress; and I says, "No! oh, no! please don't disappoint me; you told me I should go." My poor heart was almost broke. "Well," she says, "git ready and go." I says, "Yes, ma'am." Oh, I was very polite; I didn't dare to be anything else for that matter. And I did go, and that day I heard the first Gospel sermon I had ever heerd preached in my life; and I still remember the text: "You shall hear the sound thereof through the tops of the mulberries." Now, this was in April, and I didn't get religion until the follorin' Christmas. I was all that time a seekin', from April to Christmas—and the "tops of the mulberries" never got out of my brain. And we had a mulberry tree in the back of our yard—and the preacher preached about the mulberry trees—that we should hear the sound in the tops of the mulberry trees, and I would go and pray under that mulberry tree a thinkin' and listenin' for the sound to come down. I didn't know any better, you know, but the sound never came. Then I begin to run off to go to meetin'; and I shall never fergit the first time that I run away. I went—and took a grand good lickin' when I come home, and a hard one I did git that time. I knew this meetin' was up to Cohocksink and I wanted to go there, and I pretty soon fixed a plan to run away—and I just slipped off and run away.

Now, this power that was to come through the tops of the mulberries worried me so, and I says to

meself, "I'm bound to have it, if I die in the attempt. If she kills me, I'm bound to have it." Then from that they begin to hide me shoes and stockin's to keep me home. And the fall of the year come in, but it didn't make any difference, I kept on runin' away, and went—no matter what the circumstances was, I went. And one night I run away to meeting, and she waited as long as she could, and got tired and went to bed, and when meeting was out I came home and it was middling late, like, pretty near ten o'clock, and she was a little boisterous, but I took no notice of it. I thought, now I would say my prayers, for I thought she would whip me anyhow; and she says, "You are determined to go, and I am determined to beat it out of you." And I kept asayin' to myself, "No, you can't! No, you can't." But I didn't dare let her hear me. And now, she took the tinder-box, flint and steel to make a light, for at that time there was no lucifer matches—that's the only way we got our light them days. I says to her, "I'll say my prayers," and she said, "Don't you pray out loud round here;" but I prayed just the same; all this time she was trying to strike a light, but she couldn't get it to light. She struck and struck, but it wouldn't ketch, and when she couldn't, she said, "It beats all, I burnt fresh tinder and don't see what in the world is the matter with it, I can't get it lit," and down she laid it, and began to hunt me in the dark. Now, in the room there were two beds, and I crept from one bed to the other, underneath,

and she after me, but you see, she couldn't get me. It was a bitter cold night, and I had run away bare-footed in the snow to meetin', because they had my shoes hid, and while I was creepin' under them beds I was nearly perished from cold, and when she couldn't find me, she said, "Well, never mind, I'll whip you in the morning," and then went to bed. I had to sleep with her, and my fears came as I begin to feel afeared she would whip me after I clum in bed, and I stood in the cold until I thought she was asleep, but she wasn't asleep at all, and, mind ye, she never asked me to come to bed; I didn't have anything on but my little nightgown, and I nearly perished. Well, after while, I mustered up all the faith and grace I had, and got into bed to her, but I was so fraid to tetch her, and oh, the steam came so nice and warm out from under the bed-clothes; it felt so good, ye know, how that is, when your right cold. I laid so still and went to sleep, and slept till in the morning. Now, at five o'clock she had to git up and git the boys their breakfast, and she had to have a light now, she took the tinder-box agin to try to git it to light, and the very first stroke it went off, and she said, "Oh, dear; oh, dear, isn't that funny, I tried with all my might to git it to light last night and couldn't git it to light at all." Now, I think this incident was part of her conviction, for it burnt up bright, and I think the Lord didn't want it to light before when I got up. She never said a word to me till we got downstairs, and she said, "You have been a

very bad girl, and I will correct ye for it at some future time," but for that transgression I never got whipped.

Now, I was still mournin' and cryin' for this blessin'; I never was easy and never got no rest till God converted my soul. I kept goin' on and stealin' away to all the meetings I could get to from that time in the fall till Christmas. I still thought it had to come down through the mulberry tree, but it never come that way. Now comes Christmas Eve, and I was worryin' because she said I couldn't go, for at that time we had Chistmas meetins, but in my mind I kept sayin', "Yes, I will; yes, I will." I remember noddin' my head and sayin' it; so then when it came nearly time I slipped upstairs and went to prayin' for the Lord to help me. I had learnt that much from the Sunday-school, and the Lord did, every step of the road. It was getin' time, I jumpt out on to the shed, and then jumpt down about six feet into the snow. Off over the fields I went like a lark, but there wasn't many larks out in the snow that night. I was willin' to take a lickin' for the sake of goin', for I know'd I'd git it.

Now, Sister Smith, the one I tied her shoe, came to me in the meetin', and asked me if I would not like to have religion, and I begin to cry, and wring my hands and say, "Yes; oh, yes, dear me, I'd be so glad to have it." Then she took me to the mourners' bench, and I prayed and wrestled with the Lord till between four and five o'clock in the mornin' afore I

got it, for in them days they held the Christmas and New Year meetin's all night. My spiritual mother stuck with me till four or five o'clock in the mornin', and she asked me, "Don't the Lord bless you?" and I said, "Yes; oh, yes," and she said, "Well, praise Him," and, said I, "Oh, I don't know what to say," she says, "Say, Glory," and I said, "Glory to God! Glory to God! He saves me." And I kept on shoutin' and praisin' Him fer about an hour, till it come time to go home, in the mornin' between six and seven o'clock, somewhere along there. Then I went home to get that lickin'. My mother met me at the door, and says, "Oh, ye are a bad disobedient girl, and ye'll be comin' home to me with trouble yet." I can see that stirup yet, it was my father's shoe stirup, he was a shoemaker, and then she commenced to beat me. I am willin' to say I was so happy I hardly felt a blow she struck me, and when she had finished, she said "I'll never be able to do anything with you," and I said to myself, "Yes, ye will. Oh, yes, ye will." Now, I knowed I had religion, and the next Sunday was New Years, and I wanted to join church. That week was a sorry week to me, I was grieved and worried to know how I would git to join church, still the Lord kept the light burnin' in my heart. The week rolled around slowly, I was glad when it was up, for I was so anxious to join the church, and on Saturday I had trouble all the day, for I had told mother I wanted to go to church on Sunday, and she

was very cross about it, and said, "If you will go, and go to destruction, go, an' I can't help it. You are an awful bad girl." In the mornin' it was cloudy and dull-lookin'. I was afraid I wouldn't git to go, and it worried me dreadful, then I slipped away and prayed, and asked the Lord to clear the day up, and He answered my prayers, and the sun came out, and the New Year's Day was beautiful, and I says to mother, "Can I go to meetin' to-day?" and she said, "Oh, go, an' clear out, if you want to, for you're goin' to destruction anyway." Ye know I went a trippin' over the fields to Cohocksink Church. I think her heart was softened a little from the time she couldn't get the tinder to burn.

The sermon that morning was wonderful, and we had a powerful time; the minister invited people that wanted to join the church to come up. So anxious was I to join that I went clear up into the pulpit to the preacher, and he said, "My little daughter, what do ye want?" and I said, "I want to join church," and he put his hand on my head and said, "My child, I'll wait on you in a little bit," and then, after awhile, he asked me what class I wanted to join, I said, "Brother Wrang's," he put my name down and gave me a little ticket, and told me to give that to Brother Wrang. The next night I went to class and handed in my ticket. I was then about eleven years old.

## CHAPTER II.

SENT FROM HOME; MARRIED; DOMESTIC TROUBLE;  
DIFFICULTIES IN PRAYER OVERCOME.

Now, after this, I still kept runin' away to meetin' till they made up their minds to put me away from home for fear the rest of the family would get contaminated. Now comes the day of trial, Mother said I was big enough to work, so she got me a place in a French Roman Catholic family, I will tell ye of a circumstance that took place while I was there. There was a screen of tins haingin' on the wall, I was gratin' cocoanut, and I got happy, and throwed the grater in amongst the tins, and with the noise of the tins, I jumpt and shouted and praised God at the top of my voice, the cat ran away from under the stove and never came back for three days, she was so scared. Now, out come the old French woman to see what was the matter with me and the cat, I was laughin' and hollerin' with all my might; but she didn't know what was the matter with me, and she said, "Oh, tee fool, tee fool, your jumpin' and yellin' because the cat runs," but I wasn't thinkin' about the cat, I was praisin' God.

Well, I stayed there till my mother found out they didn't give me enough to eat, then she took me away from there, and I stayed at home about three months, and a pretty sorry time that was. I had to go to work



in the shop with all them Catholic weavers, and they were very cruel to me, and ugly, because I was a Methodist; and said the devil was sure to git me. And they slurred me with every nasty, dirty thing they could say, and I was so innocent and pure; I didn't dare say a word, it nearly killed me. Then my brothers got to treatin' me very bad and mean, but mother found out how my brothers were treatin' me; and would not allow that; if she said bad things herself she would not allow them to talk so; she would say to them, "If she don't do right that's no reason ye should treat her mean; let her alone, I'll tend to her case," and she surely did. I was very glib with my tongue, I'd saved myself many a whip-pin' if I had kept my tongue, I couldn't help it, I was so tried, I had no mind to be ugly, but I was sometimes. Now, they met together to put me away from home agin, for fear of the Protestant religion. By this time I had learn'd to call upon the Lord for help. I had much worry and fret about my condition and life, and what they would do with me, but the Holy Spirit comforted and instructed me.

One mornin' I was dreadful troubled about them goin' to send me away. I stole away up in the garret to pray and the Spirit come to me and said:

"Peace, troubled soul,  
Thou needst not fear,  
Thy great provider  
Still is near.  
Who fed thee last  
Can feed thee still,  
Be calm, and sink  
Into His will."

Now, up to this time I had never had any schoolin' at all, only what I had learnt at the Sunday-school. And where those words come from I never could tell. But I believed every word, and wasn't a bit afraid I'd want after that. So I made up my mind to clear out, and I wrapped up one of my dresses, then dressed myself as nice as I could, and went out on the street. I walked along cryin' and I met a lady, who asked me, "What is the matter, dear?" and I said, "I am hunting fer a place to live out." And she says, "Where are you going?" and I said, "I don't know where I'm goin', but I'm goin' to hunt a place to work." She said, "Come with me, I want a little girl." So she took me home with her, and she liked my appearance, because I was nice and clean, she liked that. She gave me some dinner, and I asked her if I could go to church and Sunday-school sometimes, and she said, "Oh, yes; you can go." Her name was Mrs. Moss. They were not a wealthy family, but were good livers, and were Presbyterians. That afternoon I went home and told my mother I had got a place, and she was satisfied at that.

Now, this lady wanted me to go to the Presbyterian Sunday-school, and that grieved me dreadfully. I thought I never could be anything but a Methodist, and one morning I sat in the kitchen cryin', and the lady came in and said to me "Susan, what's the matter, are you not satisfied?" and I said, "Yes, ma'am, but I want to go to my own Sunday-school and church." She says, "Well," don't cry any

more, child, you shall go to your own Sunday-school and church." And oh, I thought I had got a new pair of wings. I sang all the afternoon, and praised God for deliverance.

Now, I was with these people about four months, when they moved to Boston, and wanted me to go with them, but my mother would not allow me, and oh! I thought I was ruined because they went away, but the Lord provided another home fer me.

Now, for three years after this I worked out in private families, until I was sixteen, then I went to work for a family by the name of Shroders, who were rope-makers. I worked among the twine and helped. At this place I met my first husband, John Hunt, he worked in making rope, too. He was about thirty years old. He came to Shroders to see me. I think he come about a year, and one Sunday evenin' he asked me if I wouldn't marry him, and get away from my people, And I thought that would be wonderful to git away from them. All that I married him fer was to git away from them. He told me about his mother being such a dear, good old Methodist, and she was a dear, old saint. I thought it would be so nice to see her, and have her company, bein' she was such a good Christian. When he asked me to marry him I put him off, fer I was kinder 'fraid of him, after 'while he told me so much about his mother I consented to marry him. And we were married. We stayed in Philadelphia about a year. Then he became great for roamin' about from one place to the

other. He took me to Baltimore, where we went to housekeeping. He went to work at his trade, but I was very miserable, for he became loose in his morals, and ran about, and got out of work, and took my good clothes and sold them and spent the money in wicked, loose doings. In a way he was kind, but yet he was indifferent, and would curse and ordered me not to go to church or meetin', fer he just wanted to be ugly. I was miserable.

We stayed there two years, and the whole time was trouble, and sorrow, and vexation of spirit, and grief, and pain. One time he went away and stayed two days and two nights, and that was the time I give him such an overhauling that he promised to take me back to Philadelphia and do better, which he did very soon, but he didn't live any better. He was kind a' devilish, you know; when I would kneel down to pray he would beat the drum, whistle, yell, dance, sing, pound the stove, or make some kind of noise. Oh, it used to try me so, and worry me, that I didn't know whether I could live through it or not. I thought I'd overhaul him, and let him know what I intended to do. This is how I felt, and I went before the Lord in prayer and said, "Oh, Lord, will you keep me through this awful terror that I have of my husband." Then I remembered in the Scripture that he said, "Ask what ye will, and it shall be granted," and I believed He would do it, and the Lord powerfully blessed by soul, and when my husband came home at night I was all aglow with the power of God. And

he says to me, "What is the matter with you?" "Oh," I says, "I am so happy," and I said "I want to have family prayers," and he said I shouldn't, he didn't want any of my praying round there. I told him he'd have to have it, he couldn't hinder it. But instantly it come to me what I should say to him, and what I should do, the Spirit told me. I took a chair from the side of the wall and squared it in the center of the room, as near as I could. And I said to him, "John, I am now agoin' to show ye fair play, fer you always had to dance up to the wall, and dance back again, but now ye can dance clear around us," fer there were two girls that helped me there—the poor girls were nearly scared to death, because they didn't know what was agoin' to take place. The oldest of the two says to me, "Aunt Susan, don't be too hard with him." My husband sat, struck with astonishment, and looked at me. I says to him, "Now, you and the devil can have fair play, fer you have never had fair play, when ye danced around me. If the Lord comes and knocks the legs from under ye I'll say amen to it, and ye can go on the stumps, but I'm determined to go to heaven, God bein' my helper." He was astonished; says he, "What in the world makes ye look so strange?" I said, "It's the Holy Ghost, bless the Lord," then I felt happy in my soul, and cried out, "Bless the Lord." And there he stood, he was so licked he didn't know what to do with himself. Before he went, I sang:

I'm going through the fire,  
 I'm going through the fire,  
 Lord, I'm going through the fire  
 To do my Master's will.

The more that come in  
 Will make the banquet sweeter still.  
 I'm going through the fire,  
 Lord, I'm going through the fire,  
 To do my Master's will.

One evening, when I came home from leadin' my class, he said, with an oath, that he wasn't agoin' to have any prayin' done that night, he was so mad because I stayed after nine o'clock. He swore and said he wasn't agoin' to sleep with me. "Well," I says, "it's all right, I shall pray anyhow." Then he flew upstairs and dragged the feather-bed down, so he wouldn't have to sleep with me, and he says, "I'm not goin' to sleep with ye," and I said, "You don't know whether ye will or not; ye'll see," and then I started to sing:

A charge to keep I have,  
 A God to glorify,  
 A never dyin' soul to save  
 And fit it for the sky.

Help me to watch and pray,  
 And on thyself rely,  
 Assured if I my trust betray  
 I shall forever die.

After singing this, I said, "Let us have prayer," then I set to prayin', and a passage of Scriptur' come to me that says something like this, "Kill and make

alive unto sin." So I prayed first fer God to kill him, and, sure enough, something came and stretched him out stiff, and he lay there on the bed for two hours, and never moved a limb, the girls thought he was dead, and wanted to fetch water to bathe him in, but I said, "Leave him with the Lord, if the Lord has killed him I will say, amen, because He will have answered my prayer." I continued to pray, and the neighbors flocked around the house, but they couldn't interfere because we were in our own house. In about an hour and a half my husband moved his arm, and then his foot, and he soon opened his eyes, and lookin' at me, he said, "Susan, never pray that way agin' for me." I told him I would, for the Lord understood me, then he got up and took the bed upstairs, and went to sleep.

Later he took to drink agin, this time he was very wicked, and very unfaithful, at last he went off, and I never saw him any more. About eight years after this he took a fever and died.

## CHAPTER III.

### THE CONVERSION OF HER PEOPLE.

Well, I must tell ye about the conversion of my people. I then went to live with them, and while at home, you know, my mother opposed me goin' to meetin's, but one night I went down to old St. John's Church. My mother was a seamstress; after I'd gone the candle went out, she went out and bought a pound of candles and returned to work; the next night I went to meetin' her candle went out agin, and this time she could not git it to burn, so she left it and went to meetin' and stayed until the Bible was read, then went home; and to her amazement the candle burnt all right. The next night she couldn't get the candle to burn until she went to meetin'; this candle kept on actin' that way until Friday night. She couldn't get the candle to burn; she left it and went to meetin', and stayed all through the services; by this time she was wonderfully convicted, but did not let on. The next Sunday morning, while I was in bed, she yelled out so loud to me to get up, I almost fell out of bed. I went downstairs and said, "Why, mother, what is the matter?" "Why," says she, "ye are such an ungrateful girl, ye are, so unkind." "Why," says I, "mother what do you men, why am I unkind" (for I thought I was as near to God as I could be). "Why ye get up on Sunday mornin' and go to church, and ye



never ask Curly to go with you." ( This was a nickname her mother was known by.)

Why I looked at her astonished. I said, "Why, mother, will you go with me?" (I never asked her to go because she was such a strong Catholic.) She said, "Yes; but not this mornin'." I says, "Why not?" she said, "Because we can't get ridy in time to go." "Why," says I. "Because there is breakfast to git; a pair of chickens to fix; a puddin' to make; a Dutch-cake to bake; how do ye think we can get all this done in time to go to meetin'." She said this in tears fer she was all broke up with conviction. She said, "I can't help you, I am too bad." "I'll get it redy without your help," I said, and I went at it, asking God to help me. If there ever was a pair of chickens drawed and filled and got redy in quicker time, then I don't know anything. I got the breakfast redy; the dishes washed; the puddin' made, all done in time for church, but the Dutch-cake, when I saw it, it frightened the life near out of me, fer I thought it might hinder me from goin' to church. I put it in the stove, thinking it would get redy while we dressed, but when we were dressed we went off to church, and I fergot all about the cake in the oven, until we got half-way home from church, when it come to my mind that I had left that great big cake in the oven, it made me feel sick, and I was frightened so I almost fainted, I had to hold onto the lamp-post, and I told mother right away. She said, "Never mind, if it is spoiled, we can make another to-mor-

row." Do you see the difference in the spirit? A week befor that she would have made a big fuss. I says, "Mother, hurry up, we might git home befor it is spoiled." And so we went on, and when we got there the first thing I did, befor I took off my clothes, was to open the stove and take out the cake, and it was baked so nice, I always said the Lord baked that cake.

In the afternoon I went to another meetin', and when I was returnin' home I saw some one comin' down the street, and I saw it was my mother. I said to myself "What's the matter?" and when she come to me she put her arms around me and started to cry, and I said, "What is the matter with ye?" and she said, "I've been lookin' for ye all the afternoon, I want to see ye." She was under deep conviction, and I could not help cryin', so I went home and got the supper redy, and that night we went to church. The preacher's name was Brother Greenbanks, and he spoke on how parents ought to train their children; the power came upon my mother, and that night she got converted as she sat in her seat; the power came on me, I went about the church shoutin' and singin'. I merely sung what I made up as I went along; it was something like this:

"My mother got religion by comin' to meetin',  
And she will praise God before all the people,  
And He'll own her around the throne,  
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah."

Seventeen or eighteen persons went to the altar

that night, and every one I touched on the head got soundly converted. I went to mother and shouted, "Glory, Glory," as loud as I could holler; and I said to her, "Are you sorry you come to church?" she said, "No, Susan, I'll never be sorry for this act as long as I live." And I went on shoutin' "Glory and Praise the Lord."

She then commenced to live like a good old-fashioned Christian ought to live; gave up the Catholic belief, and set with me in church twelve years before she died.

Then my better days commenced; in less than two years I got my sister, my two brothers, my sister's son and all the family, but one; the children and the children's children converted. The one brother that was left said, "No, never; I'll die the religion my father died," but through my faithfulness to God and my earnest prayer I felt that I could claim him. For God had given me the evidence that I should have him, and from that moment he became restless and convicted. At one time we thought he would have to be put in the lunatic asylum, because he would not give in.

One day, while I was at work in the shop (a carpet factory), in the afternoon the boss came to me, and said, "Susan, there's a man wants you downstairs." I said, "Who is it?" he said "I don't know." I was frightened, because I thought the Catholics were after me, so I said, "Go and see who it is," and he came back, and said, "It is your brother." So I went

down, and found my brother, who said, as he lifted up his hands, "I am ruined, I am lost, and if ye don't come home and pray for me, I'll be damned." So I went home another way, and got there before my brother, and I said to my mother, "Where is Harry? Have you seen him? something is the matter with him." She said, "I don't know." But soon he came in, and exclaimed, "If you don't pray for me I'll be lost; I'll be damned." I saw that he was convicted for his sins, so says I, "You better come with me to class-meetin'," and away we went. When we got there the class leader asked me to pray. Soon my brother got on his knees, and cried for mercy. He was powerfully converted to God. He was a good singer, and has been a member of the church for forty-five years. After all my family was converted the Lord took me out to Bucks County; here I had a class, and I entered into the work for Jesus, and He made me very successful, "Praise His name." I did evangelistic work: Exhorting, prayin', singin' and nothing could stop me. It rolled in and then it rolled out, "Glory to God, Glory to God." I began to travel from one church to another, and the Lord blessed me to hundreds, "Praise His name."

## CHAPTER IV.

### SHE MEETS HER SECOND HUSBAND—EVANGELISTIC WORK—DEATH OF HER HUSBAND.

After laborin' in the evangelistic work for some years I met my second husband, Mr. Cake. Now, a better man could not be found; he was a good, holy man; a Methodist; a class leader, and a powerful exhorter. When he first came to see me I was sick, and I would say, "What do you want with me, I can do nothin' for ye, I can't wash yer handkerchers out, and what can I do for ye?" "Well," he says, "I can try ye as well as anybody else." "Yes," says I, "so ye can. But what good will I be to ye." Says he, "Ye have nothing to do with that, leave that with the Lord." Well, I was determined not to have him, I felt I wasn't to marry; but he insisted that I should pray about it, but I didn't pray about it at all.

One Sunday afternoon I went to have secret prayer, and I prayed, "Oh, Lord, what will Thou have me to do; reveal Thy will to me." After I had prayed I looked around, and, lo, Mr. Cake stood beside me. I got up, went round him. A chill come on all over me, and when I went down they said I was almost frozen to death praying upstairs. A week after this Mr. Cake came to see me, and he said, "Where was you last Sunday afternoon, about three o'clock?" I says, "Why do ye want to know?" "Well," he says,

weren't you in secret prayer?" "Yes," says I, and, says he, "I was, and while I prayed I seemed to be carried to where ye were, and we seemed to be brought together, and I saw ye in the attitude of prayer."

Now, when he told me that, it frightened me, for I remembered what I had seen, then he said the Lord had told him that he must take Aunt Susan. When he told me so, I said, "No; that comes from the arch fiend of hell." "No, no;" says he, "I know the Lord wants ye to be my wife."

I had arranged to run away the followin' mornin', but the determination of this man, and this wonderful light we both saw, made me frightened, and I began to see that the Lord's hand was in it, and I decided not to leave.

Our courtship was a very strange one; however, we were married, and I got a gem. While we were in Bucks County the Lord gave me four boys and two girls; the two girls and one boy died, befor we left Bucks County to go to Baptisttown, New Jersey, where we lived several years; from there we went to Brimfield, Peoria County, Illinois, where Mr. Cake bought a small farm.

While here the Lord opened many doors for me to work for Him. I would sometimes be away for five or six weeks, preaching and having powerful times. I went and labored at Orange Prairie, twenty miles from where I lived, where we had a wonderful meetin'; fifty were converted. From there I went to Glen-

P

dale. I labored very successfully at this place. Durin' my stay from forty to fifty souls were converted. After comin' away the young people converted at my prayer-meeting got together and arranged to have a supper to raise money to get books for the Sabbath-school, they thought I could help them by givin' an address, so fer the first time in my life, I prepared a speech. I got it all ready and got it off in my mind just like readin' a hymn, and I thought that Susan would do somethin' big. The man come for me and drove me twenty miles. When the time came to speak, instead of opening my mouth and letting God fill it, as He always had afore, I thought that Susan could do it as well. Every word left me; I was stripped of everything; I was speechless. I couldn't open my mouth at all, there never was a mouth more completely closed, but in the suspense of my dumbness I promised the Lord if He would open my mouth and forgive me, I would never do such a thing again.

The preacher turned pale, and an old German, who could scarce speak English cried out, "Glory, glory, Lord alive her; Lord alive her."

So, I says, "Let us pray," and I dropped down on my knees; the preacher and people all says, "Lord, help her! Lord, help her," and I went prayin'. I exposed the devil and confessed how I wanted Susan to come to the front, and be seen and heard instead of my Lord, and as soon as I told of the devil and confessed my fault, the power come upon me, I got up and sang:

“A charge to keep I have,  
 A God to glorify;  
 A never dying soul to save  
 And fit it for the sky.”

Then I spoke, and I never was freer in my life. I believe it was a trick of an enemy who wanted to defeat me. I had labored very successfully, and the devil wanted to puff me up, but when I got sick I went to Jesus, my doctor, and he put me right. After I had finished speakin’ two souls were converted. “Glory to God!”

For two years I went from place to place, ranging from fifty to one hundred miles, round my home. During this time God honored my poor labors, “Glory to His name for His goodness and Mercy!” I thank Him every day for every soul saved.

One day Brother Loveit came for me to go with him ten miles, and I thought he was atakin’ me to a lovefeast, but when I got there I found they expected me to preach. Well, I didn’t know what to think, it took all the starch out of me. I depended on the Lord and I knowed he would help me, and I spoke for half an hour as hard as I could lather it on, when I got up I started off singin’:

“A charge to keep I have,  
 A God to glorify;  
 A never dying soul to save  
 And fit it for the sky.

We had such a time that the bending heavens gave way, and there came down such a flood of light that I shouted, “Glory, glory.” There was such powerful



light that we seemed to be almost blinded, until it died away a little, and we continued shouting, "Glory." All the sinners that were here got converted; I couldn't tell how many; there were many came to church at Brimfield after I joined. "Glory to God." Another place I was asked to go to, was a place where they had no meetin' for eight years. One of the brethren came for me, "But," said he, "I am afraid to take ye, the Catholics are comin' in a gang with their shillalahs to fight." I said, "I'll go." "Well," says he, "there will be trouble." "Now," says I, "if ye do as I want ye, all will be right." Now, away we went, and when the meetin' commenced they came and told me that the men were coming. "Let them come," says I, "and soon twelve or thirteen came with black faces and their shillalahs on their shoulders. When they came in, I says, "Make way for these men, give them good seats, they have been workin, and are tired," that is, sit down and be comfortable. One of them, who seemed to be the ringleader, a big black fellow, with his shillalah hangin' by his side, I said to him, "Come up here, and sit down, here is a nice seat for ye," and up he comes, and sits down as quiet as a mouse; then I starts off singin':

Come, Thou fount of every blessing,  
Tune my heart to sing Thy praise.  
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,  
Call for songs of loudest praise.  
Hallelujah, Hallelujah,  
We are on our journey home.

I then preached, and never said a word about Catholics, and when it was over, and those fellows went away, they says, "She had not said a word about the Catholics ;" they were so innocent, they would not hurt me; the next night they come again, but with clean faces and without their shillalahs, and they looked like gentlemen, and they attended the meetin' all the week, and they couldn't be quieter, and God blessed me to the salvation of four of them. Well, I stayed until the meetin' was over, about seven weeks altogether.

From there I again went to Glendale, and held meetin' there too, and had a wonderful time; from Glendale I went home, and stayed a few weeks. During this time Elias, my husband, became ill and was growing worse all the time, and I said to him, "Elias, this is the last meetin' I am agoin' to, and I want ye to say when the people comes for me that I can't go no more." To which he replied, "No, Susan, I can't say it; I feel the Lord called ye into the work, and ye'll have to go." "Well," I says, "I really don't believe I will;" and says he, "Susan, be very careful to not insult the Lord, fer I know it's right, and I'm willin' to be without ye fer the sake of doing the will of God. He's a wonderful Saviour; He never doeth anything wrong." And he cried and I cried; oh, we had a solemn time together, because he wanted me to go on, and I didn't want to go. Well, we left it there for a day, until somebody came after me, let me see, it was Brother Sherman that came after me,

to go down to Kickapoo, to labor for a week or two, and I said, "No; I would not go, because Mr. Cake's very poorly, and I don't think it's right for me to leave him." "Well," Brother Sherman says, "I'll wait a week or two and see if he's better, and I'll come up and see and maybe you'll go then." I said, "Very well, ye kin come, but I don't believe I'll go." No; nor I didn't, neither. Why I couldn't, I couldn't go and leave him in the condition he was in. Why he was so nervous and felt so bad about me agoin', that he just shook when he stood beside me, and yet he didn't want to prevent me from goin'. I did go to Elenwood for one night or so, but I didn't stay. When I came home I says to Elias, "Ain't ye glad that I've come home, but ye don't look very glad." "Well," he says, "Susan, I am glad, but I'm afraid of doin' some hindrance to the work, and I don't want to do that." Now, he commenced agittin' worse all the time, but he was happy in the Lord. Poor soul, I remember one time I come home from a meetin', and he tried to help me out of the wagon, but he was too weak to do it, and I coaxed him to let me be till I git out meself, and I got out meself, and the man held the horse, and I took his arm and walked slowly into the house—poor soul! he asked me if I was too tired to pray with him, and I said, "No, I am not too tired to pray with ye," and everybody in the house knelt down, and we all prayed, and the Lord wonderfully blessed him. Now, right then and there I said to him, "I'll go no more away from home, for

it nearly kills me." He says, "Oh! oh! my Susan, don't say that." I says, "Elias, isn't it awful," and he says, "What fer?" "Why to think I've got to be so much away from you." Then, he says, "Susan, leave it all with the Lord."

He still growed weaker all the time, and knowing his end was nearing, he said, "Oh, Susan, how can I leave ye, with these three boys?" I says, "Don't ye think the Lord will take care of me, and the children? Didn't he say in His Word He will be a husband to the widow, and a father to the orphans?" "Yes, He did; praise His name," says he. I says, "Can't ye trust Him with me and the boys?" and he says, " Oh, yes." I says, "Hasn't He always been faithful to His promises?" "Oh, yes, Susan, He has," and then he bursted into a flood of tears. He had a very hard struggle to give us up to the Lord.

Then he went on still agrowin' weaker, and lost his mind, and he would say to them in the house, "When is Susan a comin' home?" and they'd say, "I think she'll be home in a little while," and then when he asked for me again they said to him, "Why, Mr. Cake, she's home," and they called me—although I had been awaitin' on him fer weeks, but he didn't know me. I came in the room and he looked at me and laughed, and I went to the bed and said, "Papa, what do ye want?" and he says, "I want Susan, if she's here." "Why," I says, "I'm Susan," and he looked straight at me and says, "My, oh, my, do you think I don't know my Susan?" and I put myself

down close to his face, and I says, "This is your Susan," and he laughed and says, "Oh, my, do ye think I don't know her?" and I found his mind was gone, and I begin to fret and worry about it. Ah! child, that hurt me more than all his sickness, and every thing—to think that he didn't know me. It worried me because I was afraid I would never again have a chance to talk to him in his senses. Now, he was sufferin' such agony that two old gentlemen took care of him in the daytime and two others at night. He got past my handlin' him—he'd have to get out of bed and then back again every few minutes—he couldn't lay still.

One night they agreed together to pray for him that he should have his mind, so that I could talk with him, and these two men prayed, and the Lord did answer their prayers in a few days. One morning, about daylight, yer know, Brother Guyer come to our house to let us know his faith that the Lord would answer our prayers. Brother Fisher was there, and they caught one another in their arms, and said, "Praise the Lord! bless the Lord, He's a prayer answerin'-God." Then the old men came to stay with him. Brother Fisher and Brother Guyer went home. Then Elias came to, and said to these neighbors, "What time is it. Ain't it about choare time?" and they says, "Not yet, and then Elias laid about half an hour the stillest he had laid fer about three months. After a little while he asked, "Where is Susan, grandpap?" and I set there. Grandpap says, "She's about

somewhere?" Yer see, he didn't know me yit; he didn't know me until next morning. Grandpap says "Shall I go fer her?" and Elias says, "No, no; she'll be around." Now, it become time for the old gentlemen to go home, and the young gentlemen to take their place, and they come after tea, and went up to the bed, and asked him how he was, he says, "I'm feelin' a little better," and Brother Belcher says, "Praise the Lord! I am so glad." Then Elias says to him, says he, "Susan's goin' to be home to-morrow," and Brother Belcher says, "Yes, she is." He seemed middlin' rational all night till two o'clock, when he sang these words:

Life is the time to serve the Lord,  
That we may receive the great reward.  
Oh! prepare, prepare to meet thy God.

About seven o'clock on Saturday mornin', as near as I kin tell, one of the sisters, Sister Colman, says to him, "Susan has come," and he says, "Call her," and I come into the room, and he knew me when I come, that's the first he had knew me. He pulled me down to him and embraced me, and he says, "Oh! Susan, ye look very care-worn," and I says, "Oh! no, Elias, the room's a little dark and ye can't see me," and he looked at me fer a few minutes very steady, then he took my hand and laid it on his breast and he says, "Susan, are ye prepared fer this ordeal?" By this time I broke down, and cried bitterly. I couldn't stand it any longer, but he wouldn't let me cry. He

says, "Hush, Susan, don't cry; I've got somethin' to ask ye." "Well," I says, "Elias, what is it?" and he says, "Susan, are ye prepared to say amen to this trouble that you've got to go through?" "Oh, Elias," I says, "let me go away and pray a half an hour?" "Yes, Susan, you go." Brother James Fisher was asittin' by his side, and he said, "That's right, Brother Cake, let her go." And I started into the other part of the house, and Brother Fisher says, "Elias' eyes follored me till I got out the door." Brother Fisher pulled his watch out to see how long he'd give me, fer he didn't think he'd let me stay that long.

I had just been gone four minutes, when Elias says agin, "Where is Susan?" and he looked at Brother Fisher and says, "Brother Fisher, she's over-astayin' her time." Yer see the time got so long to him. And Brother Fisher says, "Oh! no, Brother Cake, she's only been gone a little while." And he raised his own voice and tried to call me—as much as he could, but he was too weak, and Brother Fisher says, "I'll call her," and Brother Fisher come runnin' to me with his eyes filled full of tears, and says, "Sister Cake, ye will have to come to him," and I says, "All right." And when I come in Elias took a hold of me hand and says, "Ye must pray with me oncet more afore I leave." This was the greatest trial I ever had in my life—to get down before my dyin' husband and pray. I kneeled down and prayed without weepin'—I smothered it all down inside. And oh, I had great



power in prayer, and he answered me, "Amen! Amen!" every time.

The house was full of people that had come in after church, fer it was Sunday afternoon, and everybody was bathed in tears. And the Lord was there, and now it was agittin' nigh onto five o'clock, and he called fer the boys, and one of the brethren went and brought the three boys in. He looked at them a few minutes, and he says, "William, you have always been a good boy, I give your mother you to see to—she's been a good mother and a good wife, may God bless you!" and he put his hand on William's head and said, "God bless ye! My son, don't neglect her; try to meet us in heaven." Then he called Mathias and says, "Well, boy, I want ye to be good and kind to yer mother, and give yer heart to Jesus." Now, he becomes very weak, and after he got a little more strength he calls for Wesley, he put his hand on his head, and says, "God bless ye, boy, mind what yer mother says," and Wesley answered, "I will."

Then he turned to me alookin' sympathizin', "Susan, ye'll have a hard time a raisin' these boys, but God'll help ye to do it," and I says aweepin', "I know He will."

The boys was acryin' so they had to lead them out o' the room. Now, he didn't say any more fer several hours, he became weaker and weaker. And about twelve or one o'clock Elias opened his eyes, and looked toward heaven with a bright smile, and says, "Oh! Susan, what a beautiful light!" Now, this



brought to mind that he used to say that he didn't ever want to die in the dark—he hoped his vision would be bright; yer know, chile, some people's vision is dark; when they die every thing seems so dark. I used to say to him that he was always a livin' so good that it would be bright when he died. And when he was adyin' he says, "Oh! what a beautiful light," and I remembered it right away. Then he sunk right away and was very quiet.

Now, in the room were many people, and among them two infidels, thet had said before to me that religion was a "humbug," and had denied God, and they stood there at his bed awatchin' him dyin'. And I lent over the bed and said, "Oh! pap, will ye tell me if this religion we've been professin' and talkin' about so many years is a humbug?" And he begin to raise his hand, and said very weak, "No, Susan, not a bit of it, not a bit of it." And I leaned down closer and says, "Oh! pap, when ye git so weak yer can't talk, and ye feel ye're agoin', will ye give us a sign if it's all right?" And after that he laid several minutes, and his breath kept agittin' shorter and shorter, and all of a sudden he opened his eyes wide and looked up and raised his hand slowly high up and said, "It's the power of God unto salvation!!!" and his hand dropped down and he was dead.

Then we all shouted and cried, and I says, "Glory to God! Oh, glory to God in the highest!"

And those infidels was always very mute after that.

## CHAPTER V.

### RETURN TO PHILADELPHIA DURING THE PANIC— PROVIDENTIAL HAPPENINGS.

After my husband's death, I stayed in Illinois two or three years afore I came East, during this time my boys worked on farms, but some people almost cheated the eyes out o' me. I can't tell ye what I went through. There never was a more terrible time put in by a mortal than was put in by me. My son Charles Wesley was taken sick at the camp-meetin' at Oak Hill, and we come home, and it turned out to be typhoid fever. I thought we would lose him; for eleven weeks he was bad, but he got better; altho' fer twelve months he was in a weak way.

All this was terrible enough to set my brain upside down, and every dollar seemed to be slippin' away, and want seemed to be astarin' me in the face. It was my dyin' husband's request that I should come East, so I sold what little property we had, and with my boys I came East. When we got to Philadelphia it was in the time of the panic, and there was no work adoin'. I had just \$400, I saved that for rent. I went aworkin' myself, fer the boys couldn't get it; fer two years this lasted, we had ten dollars a month house-rent to pay, and we had to live; the \$400 couldn't last long at that way agoin'. I had to sell some o' the furniture. I got so straightened that I

had to sell one o' the feather-beds with bolsters and pillows fer five dollars.

During these two years of strugglin' my sufferin' could not be described. I kept a home for my boys, dyein' tailorin', dressmakin' and other sewin', but I ken say that durin' this time my boys never give me one moment o' trouble. At the end of the panic Will got work at an oil-cloth factory, and he did very well; then Mathias got work, and I began to look up a bit, but twelve months after this Will got married to an English girl, and I left the home to them, and Mathias and Wesley and I went to another house. Wesley got work at a bolt factory, and I wanted to do somethin'. So I thought that there was lots of poor people that had children, and could not afford to pay much, so I thought I could do work at sowing for the Lord by goin' and workin' with those families for twenty-five cents per day and my meals, and I did so fer five or six years.

Durin' this time an epidemic broke out, it was small-pox, and Wesley caught it. It was terrible, he come in one Saturday night with some money fer me, and he hugged me, and made a lot of me, he says, "Mother, ye want somethin', and ye won't say so," says I, "I don't want nothin'." Well, he threw some money on the table, and says he, "I will come next week, but I never saw him after; he went to work, was stricken with small-pox, and was taken to the hospital, and died in eleven days; they wouldn't even lift the lid of the coffin to let me look, but took him

right off and buried him. It was an awful time, I thought that the loss of that boy would kill me, but the Lord upheld me through it all, and to Him be all glory for it.

Through all this great sorrow I never stopped. I went right straight on goin' to prayer-meetin'; led class; singin', shoutin' and praisin' God for His goodness. He's a never failin' friend, "Glory to God!" Oftentime I sing, with a heart full of the Holy Ghost:

"Guide me, O thou Great Jehovah

Pilgrim through this barren land,  
I am weak, but Thou art mighty,  
Hold me by Thy powerful hand;  
Bread of Heaven feed me till I want no more."

I had spent almost all the money I had. It was one Sunday mornin' I took the last piece of bread and burned it to make coffee out of it, because we often had to do that then, I thought I would use up the little bit of flour and make a short cake, but soon a man came to the door and knocked, and when I opened, says he, "I bought a large ham last night, and I felt this mornin' I must bring you some, so I cut this off, and my wife had baked some rolls, and while she was out I stole them, and brought them to you, so help yourselves." And we did; we had enough meat to last four weeks.

That afternoon a man who always gave ten cents out of every dollar for the church, and he had saved five dollars, and felt he must bring it to me, and so he came, and says he, "I could not give this to the

church, but felt I must give it to you." So, you see, the Lord did provide. When this money was used up my son got three days' work, and the others got some-thin' to do, so, ye see, the Lord helped us out. Many a time, when I have awoke in the mornin', I have found myself singin':

"Peace, troubled soul, thou needst not fear  
Thy Great Provider still is near;  
Who fed thee last can feed thee still,  
Be calm, and sink into His will.

Glory to God, I never doubted it.

My soul's full of glory, inspiring my tongue,  
If I could meet with the angels I'd sing them a song,  
I would sing of my Saviour, and tell of His charms,  
And beg them to bear me to His loving arms."

I stayed with my son Mathias about ten years ago, and although my son was not religious, he was very anxious for me to go to camp-meetin', because he knew I enjoyed it so much, but on this occasion he felt certain that I couldn't go, because he didn't have money, as he was out of work. Time was gettin' nearer, for the camp, and still there wasn't any prospect; my son seemed worried about it; the last night come, and so I packed my valise for the camp-meetin', just as if I was goin', because I believe in doin' my part. That night Mathias went out to get some money, but he come back and says, "It is all over, you cannot go to the camp. I have been out to try to get money, but I can't get a cent." "Well," says I, "it's all right; the Lord will see to it. If He wants me to go He will provide a way," so away I

went to bed. I got up the next mornin', and says my son, "It is too late now, and we must give it all over." Says I, "It is all right." I did not murmur. While my son was washing himself, came a knock at the door, and a boy says, "Is Mrs. Cake in?" "Which Mrs. Cake," says my son. "The old one," says the boy. "Yes, she is in." "Then give her this letter," says the boy. "Should I call her to see you?" "No, no," says the boy; "if you give her this, that will do." So he come and says, "Here is a letter for ye, and when I opened it I found ten dollars in it, with a note that read like this:

"This money is for Aunt Susan, and to be used for no other purpose but for camp-meetin'," and I shouted, "Glory to God; that is just like my heavenly Father." My son looked astonished, and turned pale.

He says, "It is too late to go this mornin'." "No," says I, "it isn't." So he took me to the station, and we got there ten minutes before the train started, so I kissed him good-bye, and away I went to the camp-meetin', at Pitman Grove. At that camp-meetin' God blessed me wonderful, and helped me to lead many souls to Jesus. "Glory to God fer His love and mercies towards me, for I know He does help me every hour."

## CHAPTER VI.

### INCIDENTS RELATED BY AUNT SUSAN—HER QUAIN'T SAYINGS.

Three infidels came to me, and wanted to argue on the Bible, but says I, "I don't know enything about the Bible, I can't read it; I can't read anything." "Well," they said, "there is no God, only nature." "O, that's what you want, is it? Now, I can talk to you. Do you think it was nature that made me repent? Was it nature that made me turn from my sins? Was it nature that made me begin to love God, and do right?" This got them, for they knowed that this kind of feelings did not grow in nature's garden. If nature is the only God, nature must have created everything, and everything must have a creator; and a time when it was created. Who created nature? when was it created? This stuck to them.

They came to Swedesboro camp-meeting, and the Holy Ghost got after them, and they all got converted; the tallest of the three jumped on a bench and took his coat off and swung it over his head, and shouted, "Hurrah, hurrah! we have got something we never had; we know something we never knowed; Aunt Susan, you knowed it long ago, didn't you?" "Yes, indeed, hallelujah?"

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Aunt Susan was generous, and would give her last cent away to help the poor and needy. She tells of

going to Illinois, and said this while we were holding a meeting: I heard of a very poor family, who were so poor that they hadn't scarce any clothes to their backs, and no food in the house; they asked me to make a collection for them, but I knew the people that made my congregation were as poor as the family. I had four dollars in my pocket, all I had in the world, and I wanted it, but the Lord told me to give it to them. So I did, and through that act every one of the family was converted. I told my husband that I had given this money away, and, said he, "Do ye know what that money was for?" "Yes," said I; "but the Lord told me to do it." I did all right, for soon after that a man came up to me and said, "Do you go about preachin' for what ye can get?" "No," said I; "I am not after the fleece, but after souls." "Then, here is ten dollars for ye." Bless the Lord; He more than doubled upon the four dollars. Glory to God; He pays back your gold. How backward people are in doin' these turns to God; we don't trust Him enough. Glory! glory! I never knowed Him to fail. In all my Christian work I never was afraid to trust the Lord. I always find Him to be as good as His Word. Bless His name.

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I was at Peoria, holding a meeting, we had a great revival. There was a young woman in the front, I spoke to her, and asked her to come to Jesus, but she did not move. I couldn't get her to say a word; I got up, and felt impressed to cry that before next Sunday



there is some one here who will be in eternity. I felt I must say this at the close of the service. I went to this very woman, and called her to get saved, but she did not heed, and my parting words were, "Make up your mind; give God your heart; and now for glory make a start. Will you go? will you go?" but she never made a reply. Poor girl! poor girl! she went home unsaved, and on the following Wednesday she was a corpse.

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## QUAINT SAYINGS OF AUNT SUSAN.

A man asked her if she believed there is a hell. "Why, yes; what does the Bible say: 'That the smoke of the torment shall ascend up for ever and ever.'"

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"I have more trouble with Aunt Susan than eny other person in the world."

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"A true Christian is the prettiest thing on earth."

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"There is no use of beatin' ourself with meny stripes, because we will get them enyhow, for we deserve them, and God always gives us all we deserve."

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"It is one of the blessedest things to feel our little-ness, but I never could sing that hymn, 'O, to be nothing, nothing.' I always wanted to be something."

“I don’t speak nice, big smooth words, like some of you folks, but I spit it out eny way it comes, and the people has a great deal of charity for me, because they know I am not learned.”

---

“I am always Aunt Susan every day in the week and Sunday for a rarity.”

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“When God sanctified my soul, He took all the growl out of me; and He took all the pride out of me, and set me free from all them things.”

---

“When people talks bad about me and trys to hurt my feelin’s, it don’t faze me, I know they are not talking about some poor soul that can’t stand it as good as I can.”

---

“Ever since I was a child I always found that I could cetch more flies with molasses then I could with vinegar; sweetness always does more then sourness.”

---

“I often carried a pleasant face whin I was pretty well rumped up inside.”

---

She oftened answered persons that she did not recognize, “If God don’t know you eny better than I do, you better get to praying.”

## CHAPTER VII.

### SOME OF AUNT SUSAN'S FAVORITE HYMNS.

#### I.

I am happy! I am happy!  
O, wondrous account.  
My joys are immortal,  
I stand on the mount.

*Chorus:*—Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah to the  
Lamb!

#### II.

I gaze on my treasure,  
I long to be there,  
With angels, my kindred,  
With Jesus, my dear.

#### III.

There all things are plenteous  
And the leaves growing green;  
The parting of Christians  
No more shall be seen.

#### IV.

May heaven protect you;  
Be Jesus your guide;  
On the walls of our Zion  
May you ever abide.

## V.

Though we live at a distance,  
And your face never see,  
On the banks of sweet Canaan  
Acquainted we will be.

## VI.

I find Him in singing;  
I find Him in prayer;  
In sweet meditation  
He always is there.

## VII.

He is my constant companion;  
O, may we ne'er part;  
O, Glory to Jesus,  
He dwells in my heart.

## VIII.

Fight on, ye old soldiers,  
You will soon be discharged;  
The war will be ended,  
And your treasures enlarged.

---

## I.

Say, young soldier, are you weary  
Of the roughness of the way?  
Does your heart begin to fail you,  
And your vigor to decay?

II.

Jesus, Jesus, will go with you,  
He will bring you to the throne;  
He who dyed his garments for you,  
And the wine-press trod alone.

III.

He whose thunder shakes creation;  
He who bids the planets roll;  
He who rides upon the tempest,  
And whose scepter sways the whole.

IV.

Around Him are ten thousand angels,  
Ready to obey command,  
They are always soaring round us,  
Till we reach fair Canaan's land.

V.

Millions more of flaming angels,  
That ascend the heavenly plains;  
They are singing immortal praises:  
Glory, glory to His name!

VI.

But methinks a sweeter concert  
Will make the heavenly arches ring,  
And a sound is heard in heaven  
That the angels cannot sing.

The above hymn was sung by Aunt Susan in 1871, at Oak Hill camp-meeting, Illinois, on a Saturday night, so loud in the still hours of the night, that a

family sitting on the porch three miles away heard it; the next day they came to the camp and informed Aunt Susan of the time she sang, and what she sang. She made the answer, "I wish I could sing the praises of God so loud that the whole world could hear me."

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AUNT SUSAN'S FAVORITE HYMN.—SUNG AT HER FUNERAL.

I.

O, thou God of my salvation,  
 My redeemer from all sin;  
 Moved by thy divine compassion,  
 Who hast died my heart to win;  
     I will praise thee,  
 Where shall I thy praise begin?

II.

Though unseen I love the Saviour,  
 He hath brought salvation near;  
 Manifests His pard'ning favor,  
 And when Jesus doth appear,  
     Soul and body,  
 Shall His glorious image bear.

III.

While the angel choirs are crying  
 Glory to the great I Am,  
 I with them will still be vying,  
 Glory, glory to the Lamb.  
     O, how precious  
 Is the sound of Jesus' name.

## IV.

Angels now are hov'ring round us,  
 Unperceived amid the throng;  
 Wondering at the love that crown'd us;  
 Glad to join the holy song;  
 Hallelujah!  
 Love and praise to Christ belong.

---

## I.

A few hours of peace I enjoy,  
 And these are succeeded by pain;  
 If a moment of praising my God I employ,  
 I have hours and days to complain.

*Chorus:*—Hallelujah! Hallelujah! we're on our journey home.

## II.

O, when shall those sorrows subside;  
 O, when shall my suffering cease,  
 Or when to the bosom of Christ be conveyed,  
 To rest in the mansions of peace.

## III.

The spirit of glory convey  
 My body laid low in the ground;  
 I wish not a tear o'er my grave to be shed,  
 But let all join in praises around.

## IV.

Then immersed in the ocean of love,  
 I then like an angel shall sing;  
 Till Christ shall descend with a shout from above,  
 To make all creation to ring.

## I.

How lost was my condition  
When Jesus made me whole,  
There is but one physician  
Can cure a sin-sick soul.

*Chorus:*—Glory to God for free grace!

## II.

Next door to death he found me,  
And snatched me from the grave,  
To tell to all around me  
This wondrous power to save.

## III.

The worst of all diseases  
Is light compared to sin;  
On every part it seizes,  
But rages most within.

## IV.

It's palsy, plague and fever  
And madness all combined,  
And none but a believer  
The least relief can find.

## V.

Man's great skill professing,  
I sought a cure to gain,  
But this proved more distressing  
And added to my pain.



VI.

Some said that nothing ailed me;  
Some gave me up for lost;  
Thus every refuge failed me  
And all my hopes were crossed.

VII.

At length this great Physician,  
How matchless is His grace,  
Accepted by petition,  
And undertook my case.

VIII.

First, he gave me sight to view Him,  
For sin mine eyes had sealed;  
He bid me look unto Him,  
I looked and I was healed.

IX.

Then come to this Physician;  
His help he'll freely give;  
He makes no hard conditions;  
It's only, look and live.  
Glory to God for free grace!

## CHAPTER VIII.

### INCIDENTS RELATED BY SOME OF AUNT SUSAN'S FRIENDS.

Brother Stephen Lambert is still living. He goes to all the camp-meetings it is possible for him to get to. Aunt Susan has known him since his conversion, and has been associated with him in many blessed meetings. In his day he has been a wonderful singer, and sings now the old hymns and tunes that Aunt Susan and he used to sing together. "People would come for miles to hear us," said Aunt Susan; and with upturned eyes and clasped hands, she said, "But now his voice is cracked and mine is broken."

Brother Lambert tells of a meeting held in Father Taylor Bethel, in which Aunt Susan took part, and during one day and night hundreds were converted to God; among these were two sailors; on the following Sunday morning they came forward to join the church. After the preacher received them, and read to them out of the discipline, he says, "Now, you have joined on probation for six months." One of the sailors spoke up and said, "What do mean by probation?" It was explained to be a six months' test, and at the end of that six months, if the church was not satisfied with them, or if they were not satisfied with the church, they need not join in full membership. Said the outspoken sailor, "I don't join on them con-

ditions, when I went on board of my ship I enlisted for three years and I never left my ship until my time was out; the Lord has converted my soul and I have enlisted for life, and I want to join church for life, and if you will not take me on them conditions I will not join." The preacher, being a wise man, took him in full membership.

Brother Lambert tells how another sailor came to one of Aunt Susan's meetings and he was converted while she was singing the hymn:

O ye sons of the main, who sail o'er the flood,  
Your sins, big like mountains, have reached up to God.  
Throw away your old compass, it will do you no good,  
It will not point you to heaven or lead you to God.

Mind your helm, brother sailor, you are sure to strike a  
shoal.

The channel you are in will be a wreck to your soul.  
Recollect, your short voyage of life will soon end,  
Come, come, brother sailor, make Jesus your friend.

The sailor, on returning from a voyage some time after this, went to Brother Lambert, and begged him to take him to Aunt Susan's house; he did so, and found her very ill. The sailor, with much coaxing, succeeded in getting her to sing the hymn under which he was saved, then they had prayer, and the power come upon her in such a degree that Aunt Susan became perfectly well and strong.

Brother Lambert tells how another sailor came to wagon to Bucks County, to see Aunt Susan, and stay over Sunday to assist in her meetings. During these meetings the power came down, and a dozen were

converted; after having a glorious time and seeing marvelous work done, we started home in the hay-wagon. One woman was so happy she jumped and fell out of the wagon. When we got her in again we had to hold her down for some time.

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INCIDENT AT PITMAN GROVE CAMP-MEETING,  
AUGUST, 1890.

At a meeting held at 10.30 A. M., Aunt Susan was powerfully blessed, and by the Spirit was led to sing:

I.

I am free! I am free!  
I'll never give up my shield;  
I am fighting in the field.

II.

I do believe, without a doubt,  
That Christians have a right to shout:  
I am free! I am free!

---

I.

You may bury my body under the ground,  
But I shall hear the trumpet sound:  
I am washed in the blood of the Lamb.

II.

Look you yonder what I see,  
Angels coming after me.  
I am washed in the blood of the Lamb.

---

While singing, the Holy Ghost in mighty power came upon her—she stretched out her hands—the ministers came down from the platform, and

bowed before her, and asked her to lay her hands upon their heads, and ask God to bless them. David Updegraff was the first to kneel before her; Dr. Gil-mour, the singer; Professor Sweney, and others. One minister asked her to ask the Lord to give him one thousand souls the coming year. Aunt Susan was completely unconscious of her surroundings for about half an hour, then she began to shout, "Bless the Lord, O, my soul, and all that is within me, praise His holy name," and then sang:

O, hallelujah! O, hallelujah to the Lamb!

The excitement and spirit of the meeting was intense, and the leaders could not control the people enough to open the preaching service, and Brother Updegraff held up his hands and said, "Let it go; let it go; the Lord has got it all in His hands, and He doeth all things well." Many were converted and sanctified during that outpouring of the Holy Spirit.

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Mrs. Christianna Bennett, member of Kensington M. E. Church, says, "In 1846, and for many years after, during the annual camp-meetings in Willits' woods, Bucks County, Pennsylvania, the Lord wonderfully used Aunt Susan. I met her in the year 1846, and under her powerful exhortation many sinners were converted, and many fell prostrated on their faces, not only while the meetings were being held, but out in the different avenues. While Aunt Susan was singing and exhorting the men and women

would fall prostrate on the ground, and be powerfully converted. Hundreds have been saved through her instrumentality; she was a remarkable woman."

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Her son William tells of an incident that took place in Brimfield, Illinois. Aunt Susan went to see an old colored lady, said to be one hundred and fifteen years old; she had been sick and seemingly unconscious for some time; she did not know any one. Aunt Susan asked her, "Do you know Jesus?" to which she aroused and replied, "Yes, honey; do as Jesus wants you and He will lead yo froo de woods," the only words she had spoken intelligently for some months, and the last, for she died in a few minutes.

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From there Aunt Susan went to Brother Wilson Barnes, a member of the M. E. Church in that village; he had two children sick with a disease known as the bloody flux. She nursed those two children, and two others that took the same disease, every night for two weeks, through the day going home and seeing to her household duties. In that short time all four were buried. She was ever ready to lend a willing hand.

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Mrs. S. C. Barrett, No. 1517 Montgomery avenue, Philadelphia, relates this striking incident: "In 1892 my husband was run over by the cars, and crushed; he was taken to the German Hospital, where he lingered in pain for nine days. I sat by his bedside, day and

night, and prayed that I might know of his redemption. I prayed the Lord to let me have the witness. The night of the ninth day he was very low, and I was sitting by his side praying, but feeling as dry and parched in my soul as a barren desert. About two o'clock at night, while sitting by him, I felt a strange rapturous joy in my soul. It seemed I heard a voice singing, 'Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah to the Lamb.' Tears of joy streamed down my face, and I looked on my dear husband, and he seemed transformed; his face was lit up with a bright glow. 'Oh,' I said, 'this is in answer to my prayer; I am satisfied he is redeemed,' and I sang, 'Hallelujah! hallelujah! hallelujah to the Lamb.' My soul was lifted above this earth, and the glory was all through and around me; then I said, 'Oh, Lord, if there is any one on this earth that sings that song, do let me hear it.' About two hours after this, my precious husband died. His last words to me were, 'Go with me; go with me.' He died in peace. Just three weeks after his death, in great sadness, I went to the Friday meeting, in Philadelphia, and during the meeting the leader said, 'Now, Aunt Susan, will sing her experience.' Just as soon as I heard her voice, I was thrilled, and I burst out crying, and in my heart I knew that was the voice and words I heard that night by my dying husband; I shouted and praised God for permitting me to hear the song, for I then knew it was the Holy Spirit that had brought it to me on that night. Oh, I just drank in the words that she sang, like a

parched desert, and I was wonderfully blessed by her singing. I believe Aunt Susan lived so near the Lord that He in some way permitted her song to waft my husband's spirit home to heaven."

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One night, Mr. Wallace, of Baltimore, was standing under a lamp-post in Philadelphia; he had no thought of going to church, when Aunt Susan walked up to him and asked if he was a Christian. He made some indifferent answer, but she held onto him until he was persuaded to enter the church. This ultimately led to his conversion. That man was very faithful and devout. The influence of his life led a great many to Christ; his death was very triumphant; he spoke of Aunt Susan, and asked his wife to keep in touch with her as long as she lived.

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#### TESTIMONIALS.

When pastor of Twelfth Street M. E. Church, about thirteen years ago, I became acquainted with Mrs. Susan Cake, familiarly known as Aunt Susan. She impressed me from the first I saw her as a woman of more than usual strength of character. Her decided stand for God and His Church was manifest in her definite testimony. Her life was one of joy and triumph. She was powerful in prayer, often leading the whole congregation out on the promises of God. Sometimes the seasons of power were overwhelming. She was a great help to me in preaching the Word,



for her hold on God was wonderful. Her faithful attendance upon the services of God's house was an inspiration. I often thanked God for the helpful influences that have come to me through a class of persons, who have impressed me with the fact that the supreme joy of their lives has been, and is, the success of the cause of Christ. This I believe to be the case with Aunt Susan. She was a good woman, full of faith and the Holy Ghost, and the influence of her life has been graciously blessed in leading many to Jesus. May God grant to her a glorious sunset, and may she have (as I believe she will) abundant entrance into His glory.

(REV.) J. F. CROUCH.

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At the suggestion of Aunt Susan, I was appointed, at the age of eighteen, leader of the class that she belonged to. Among the practical and helpful advice she gave was that I should speak loud and sing distinctly. She counseled the members of the class to fidelity and unity, and her instructions have resulted in binding us in the closest Christian fellowship. The benefit Aunt Susan has been to all those that come in contact with her can never be known until we meet on the other shore.

CALEB GORMAN,

Leader of Sabbath morning class,  
Twelfth St. M. E. Church.

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I was Aunt Susan's class leader about ten years; although advanced in years she was always earnest,

active and faithful to the God and Rock of her salvation. Although tempest-tossed and most severely tried all through her life, yet her faith and confidence in the providing and protecting care of her Heavenly Father always stood out distinct and prominent as a bright star, directing those whose privilege it was to become acquainted with her to the light of the world, her blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. She ever had a living witness in her soul of the blessed truth, expressed by the Psalmist in these words, "God is our refuge and strength, and a very present help in trouble, therefore will not we fear though the earth be removed and the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea." No matter who was absent from the class, or the church services, if Aunt Susan was present it seemed that the power of God was present and the meeting was a success, it seemed that her presence inspired the rest, and her mighty faith and the spiritual waiting upon God was accepted at the court of heaven, and we all with her received the benefit.

Hers was a sweet peace which the world could neither give nor take away. She truly enjoyed the earnest of the inheritance, and even looked forward with blessed anticipation to the glorious time when it would please the Lord to call her to glory, and she would range the blessed fields on the banks of the river and sing hallelujah for ever and ever.

GEORGE M. RIGHTER.

539 McKean street, Philadelphia.

## TESTIMONY OF MRS. LIZZIE R. SMITH.

I had seen Aunt Susan at several of the camp-meetings for a few years preceding my meeting her, at Pitman Grove camp, about 1878.

I was holding meeting there at the time, but our friendship began in the following way: I was invited by Brother I. D. Ware to conduct a holiness meeting in his cottage on one afternoon, and Aunt Susan was also invited to this meeting, and when she heard that I was going to lead the meeting she determined to go.

She has told me since, that on all other occasions, when I had charge of the meeting, she would stay away, thinking that I would not care to have her present, and as she said to me she now knew that it was all her own feelings.

On this afternoon, after I had finished reading the Scripture, and speaking, she arose and sang one verse of her familiar hymn:

May heaven protect you,  
May God be your guide;  
On the walls of our Zion  
May you ever abide.

I approached the dear old lady, placed my arms about her neck, and both of us were bathed in tears. From that hour has formed a friendship which has continued these years, growing warmer and stronger daily.

Aunt Susan is a benediction to me whenever she appears in a meeting. This summer at Ocean Grove,

she was an inspiration, not only to me, but to all that attended the 1.30 meeting. I thank God for a place in her heart, and an interest in her prayers.

She may enter before me the beautiful gate,  
If so, I will labor on, and patiently wait  
Until Jesus calls *me* home.

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A FEW LINES FROM HER SON, WILLIAM U. CAKE.

Thinking a few lines from me would be appropriate, I would say that my mother was a very remarkable woman. She could not read her own name or spell it, yet she could quote Scripture, equal to some Bible students, and at one time could sing all the hymns in the Methodist hymn-book used in the year 1865. At that time we lived in Baptisttown, New Jersey. She and father were members of the Kingwood M. E. Church. She was presented with a large Bible and hymn-book when they severed their connection from that church to go to Illinois. While in that State she traveled very much, assisting at revival meetings. She has traveled through blinding snow storms and all kinds of weather, working for her Master. She always said the distance is never too great or the weather too severe.

On one occasion a man who was once a Methodist, but had become a convert to the Robert Ingersol doctrine, asked for her on his death-bed, at twelve o'clock midnight. I did all I could to persuade her not to go; there was about three feet of snow on the ground, and still snowing, and about five squares to

walk, in the village of Brimfield, Peoria County, Illinois, and no street lamps. She said she must go, for the Lord had a hand in it. I went with her, and when we arrived there, some of his friends, of the same faith, would not let her see him until they were put out of the house by main force. He said he had nothing to say more than, "It is too late; if I had my life to live over, I would live a different life. I just want to have one more look at a good Christian."

The above was the cause of breaking up quite a revival of infidelity in that village, which was started by Robert Ingersol, who was a resident of that section of country at that time.

Mother always went, at all hours of the day or night, to pray with the sick or dying. She was a fond and true mother. I am proud of being a son of such a good Christian mother and father; their teaching has kept me from ruin. I have gone through many trials and hardships, some that were enough to send a man to ruin that never had the training I have had. Mother was taken sick with dropsy in October, 1895, and was confined to her room until she died, March 4th, 1896. During that time her suffering was intense, but she never murmured, but said, "It must be God's will, or it would not be so." She said, "Her trunk was already packed, and she had a through ticket, waiting to cross over the river Jordan. I cannot write, and there is only one thing I can read, and that is my title clear to glory."

The immediate cause of her death was paralysis of the brain, which deprived her of her speech. A few hours previous to her death, while in this condition, Rev. C. Lee Gaul, pastor of Twelfth Street M. E. Church, of which she was a member, said to her, "Aunt Susan, if it is all right with you, and you are going to dwell with Jesus, the one you have loved and talked about so much, raise your hand, if possible." She raised both hands as high as she could. Then I asked her if she knew me, her son William, she raised her right hand in answer to that, and in a few minutes she fell asleep in Jesus.

Her funeral services were held in the Twelfth Street M. E. Church. A very appropriate sermon was preached by the pastor, Rev. C. Lee Gaul. She was interred at Greenmount Cemetery, Philadelphia.













